No purpoſe of his remoue.

Kent. Hayle to thee noble maiſter.

Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares
Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
Byt'h legges, when a mans ouer luſty at legs,
Then he weares wooden neatherſtockes.

Lear. Whats he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtooke to ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhee, your ſonne & daugter.

Lear. No. *Kent.* Yes.

Lear. No I ſay, *Kent.* I ſay yea.

Lear. No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do't,
They would not, could not do't, tis worſe then murder,
To doe vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage,
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſt, which way
Thou may'ſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage,
Coming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highnes letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſt,
Stewd in his haſt, halfe breathles, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his miſtris, ſalutations,
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read, on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leaſure
Of their anſwere, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceau'd had poyſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſawcily againſt your Highnes,
Hauing more man then wit about me drew,
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpas worth

This

This ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my hart,
Hiſtorica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle ſir within,

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there?

Knight. Made you no more offēce then what you ſpeake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a traine?

Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou ha'dſt well deſerued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Weele ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a noſe among a 100. but can ſmell him thats ſtincking, let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee after, when a wiſe man giues thee better councell, giue mee mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, ſince a foole giues it.

That Sir that ſerues for gaine,
And followes but for forme:
Will packe when it begin to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme.
But I will tarie, the foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runs away,
The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the ſtockes.

Enter Lear and Gloſter.

Lear. Denie to ſpeake with mee, th'are ſicke, th'are
They traueled hard to night, meare Iuſtice, (weary,
I the Images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch mee a better anſwere.

Gloſt. My deere Lord, you know the fierie qualitie of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Courſe.

Lear. Veng eance, death, plague, confuſion, what fierie quality.

Why